

The Juvenile Instructor



VOL. 4.

SALT LAKE CITY, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1869.

NO. 20.

JOSEPH AND MARY FLEEING INTO EGYPT.

THE cut below is intended to represent Joseph fleeing with Mary and the child Jesus into Egypt, by the command of the Lord, as recorded by the sacred writers who have given us the life of our Savior. But we fancy the artist who designed the picture had but little idea of life and manners in the far East, or he never would have represented this event in the way he has done. Or, perhaps, he has copied one of the

present day, every woman who walks or rides out, studiously covers her face that no man may see it.

Then, again, Joseph is traveling, if we may believe the cut, all the way from Palestine to Egypt with his head bare. Imagine for one moment a man traveling several hundred miles under the scorching sun of Egypt and Arabia without any head dress. As the truth is, the people of those parts seldom or never uncover their heads. When they go into a



"old masters." Men of great genius, as painters, who lived several hundred years ago, but who were entirely ignorant of the people mentioned in the Bible, whose ways of living and style of dress, &c., were as different from the nations where the old masters lived, as are the ways of life and dress of a Ute Indian and a Chinaman. But, knowing no better, they dressed Jesus, the Apostles or Patriarchs, Moses and David, in the style of Italian or German nobles of the day in which they lived, represented their houses like feudal castles, and their battles like the Field of the Cloth of Gold. So is it in this picture. Mary is dressed like a Catholic nun, with her face unveiled, a thing which would never have occurred in Palestine, where, from the age of Sarah and Rebecca to the

place of worship they take off their shoes, but not their turbans. The Jews retain the habit of keeping their heads covered in their synagogues even to this day. Go into one of these Israelitish churches and you will see them all sitting with their hats on, a custom they have no doubt retained from the earliest ages, and as much in vogue in the days of Jesus as now. If Joseph had attempted to travel as he is represented in the picture, he would have died of sun stroke long before he quitted the plains of Palestine or emerged from the hill country of Judea. You will notice, too, that the houses, trees, bridge, &c., are far from resembling those met with in the land of promise; being a nearer resemblance to the scenery of France or central Europe.

There is another thing in the picture that must appear strange to our young readers. It is that Joseph is represented as an old man. The reason is this: there is an old monkish tradition that Mary was the second wife of Joseph; that he had previously been married to a wife who was dead, who had been the mother of a large family. This tradition was invented, as far as we can find out, in the days when it was considered almost wicked to marry, and as the brothers of Jesus are spoken of in the New Testament, the monks tried to make out that they must have been the children of some other woman, for Mary, according to their ideas, was too pure and holy to have any other children after Jesus. This is some of the nonsense taught by the priests of the church when they began to depart from the ways of God, and had lost the spirit of revelation, and when those who lived and died without being married were considered the best and holiest on earth, from which idea sprang that of having large houses called abbeys, priories, convents and nunneries, in which men and women withdraw from the world to spend all their lives in religious services.

There are other classes of Bible pictures that are equally foolish. We mean those representing angels with wings on their backs; Jesus and his Apostles with a halo of glory round their heads; Jesus being baptized by having a saucerful of water poured over his head, while he stands in about six inches of water in the river Jordan, &c. All these arise from the foolish ideas of men when they had not the light of truth from heaven to guide them. They thought because birds had wings to fly with, therefore, if angels flew through the midst of heaven, they must have had wings also. But did not Jesus ascend into heaven, and descend many times after his death. Had he wings? Nobody would think of representing him with wings attached to his back. If Jesus had not wings, and could pass from heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven, then what reason is there for fancying that angels have wings? None at all. God has not made men's backs for wings to be put on, and we know that angels are those who were once the servants of God on this earth, and on account of their lives of devotion to Him are now permitted to dwell near Him in heaven.

Then with regard to the baptism of Jesus. Every child of a Latter day Saint should know that there is but one form of baptism, and that is by immersion. Jesus was not sprinkled with a few drops of water on his forehead, nor had he a half pint of water poured over him. The Scriptures directly state that he went into the water, for when he "came up out of the water," the Spirit of God descended upon him, and God the Father acknowledged him as His son by His own voice out of heaven. Had he been sprinkled or poured upon, there would have been no necessity for him going down into the water. But he was immersed: and so of his servants. Thus we see that the pictures of these of which we have been speaking.

But now a word about the incidents which caused Joseph to take Mary and Jesus into Egypt.

Herod, the ruler of Judea, had heard many wonderful things regarding Jesus, and he was afraid of him, and, therefore, determined to kill him, and thus prevent the prophecies being fulfilled. All cowards are cruel, and Herod, not knowing which of the many children in Bethlehem was the promised one, determined to destroy all the infants in that city and its neighborhood under two years old. But the Lord, knowing the thoughts and intents of all men, appeared to Joseph in a dream and said, "Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word, for Herod will seek the young child to destroy him." Then Joseph arose in the night, and, taking Mary and her child, fled at once into Egypt, and he remained there until the death

of Herod, when the Lord told him to return home. The tyrant, not knowing what the Lord had done, slew all the children found in Bethlehem; but his purpose was not accomplished, Jesus still lived to fulfil his glorious mission and redeem the world.

G. R.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

Little Willie.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LITTLE WILLIE GROWN TO MANHOOD.

EACH disputant selected a chairman. Then a gentleman from the congregation was chosen umpire, whose business it was to finally settle all disputes.

Mr Theobald opened the debate. He said that that was the thirty-sixth debate in which he had taken a part, and that some of them were of nine nights' duration; that he had met and confounded the leading spirits of the twelve apostles, completely refuted their arguments, and left them entirely without foundation. With emphasis, and in an overbearing and self confident style he reprimanded Willie for being so presumptuous as to meet in debate a man who had refuted and put to shame the master spirits of the "Mormon" church.

All the audience looked upon the contest as being a very unequal one. Willie also felt that he could not in his own strength meet this man and expect to be successful; therefore, he prayed to God for support. He asked his Heavenly Father to give him words to say. As he closed the little prayer he arose to answer his opponent's opening speech. At first he felt confused, but soon he became very calm. He acknowledged the superior intelligence and experience of his opponent, and related the story of David and Goliath. He compared his opponent to Goliath and himself to David, and added:

"I serve the same God that David served, and expect that the same Almighty Hand will support me. David slew his giant and by the help of God I will slay mine."

The audience cheered him loudly, and Mr. Theobald showed clearly by the expressions of his countenance that he felt keenly the force of the comparison.

Willie now felt that he was gaining ground: the congregation had ceased their expressions of sympathy, and the night passed off with impressions in Willie's favor.

At the second night, the umpire had manifested too impartial a spirit to please Mr. Theobald and his friends, hence, he was not re-elected, but this evening one of their own party was chosen to fill his place. The umpire elect for the second evening addressed the meeting before taking his chair, acknowledging freely that he was prejudiced against the "Mormons" and consequently that if he extended any partiality to either party the "Mormons" need not look for it. During the whole evening he so thoroughly carried out the sentiments that he had so candidly expressed that he was re-elected the third evening.

During the course of the evening Mr. Theobald flatly contradicted himself. Willie, being able to write phonography, reported his opponent's words, and in his next speech made reference to the contradiction. Here Mr. Theobald interrupted Willie and denied having said the words referred to. Willie then took up his notes and read text and context. The editor of

the *Northern Luminary* who sat in front of the stand, arose and testified to the correctness of the notes. Others followed with expressions relative to their correctness. Willie fully established his position, and then demanded through the chair, that Mr. Theobald in his next speech should tell the audience "which time it was that he told the truth." Here the audience cheered Willie, and Mr. Theobald felt very much chagrined; he knew that he had committed himself, and that his hearers saw it. He now turned over his papers and books in a furious manner, as though he was hunting for something of special importance.

When Willie sat down, Mr. Theobald rose, in a manner peculiar to himself, evidently striving to attract the attention of the audience, and to draw their minds away from his difficulty. Instead of answering Willie's question, he took up the second volume of the *Millennial Star* and read a portion of what he said some author sets forth, that some devils and some angels had descended from Adam and Eve, and defied Christian or "Mormon" within the range of the wide world, to prove any such statement from the Bible. This was very startling and novel to the people, and, consequently, measurably attracted their attention, and drew them from Mr. Theobald's glaring contradictions.

When Willie arose to answer, he informed the audience that his opponent had failed to tell them which time it was that he had told the truth. He then continued:

"Mr. Theobald has defied Christian or "Mormon" to prove from any divine source that any devil or angel ever came from Adam or Eve. In support of a devil having come from our first parents in a Christian congregation, I deem it only necessary to repeat the words of our Savior upon the subject: "I have chosen twelve of you, and one of you is a devil."

Theobald—"Chapter and verse?"

Willie—"Mr. Theobald, if you have read your Bible, you know that the passage is there; and if you have neglected to do so, sir, I feel myself under no obligation to suffer for your ignorance." (A voice from the audience.—"A school boy knows that is there.") Here again Willie was loudly cheered.

Willie—"Now, Mr. Theobald, if our Savior spake the truth, and, if Judas, the one to whom he here referred, was really a devil, and did not come from Adam and Eve, please give us his origin?"

"My next task is to prove that an angel has come from that source. Read the 22nd chapter of Revelations, and you will there find it recorded that an angel appeared unto John. His glory was so bright and glorious that John seemed to think that it was the Lord who had come unto him in person, and consequently he fell down to worship him. Read the angel's words in the 9th verse:

See thou do it not: for I am thy fellow servant, and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them which keep the sayings of this book: worship God. Now did this angel tell the truth? Was he one of John's brethren and one of the prophets? If so, and he did not come from Adam and Eve, please give us his origin?"

Turning to Mr. Theobald, he added: "Mr. Theobald, in your next speech, please do not forget to tell us which time you told the truth?"

WM. W. B.

THE poet Bryant counsels a young contributor to the *Post* as follows: "My young friend, I observe that you have used several French expressions in your article. I think, if you will study the English language, that you will find it capable of expressing all the ideas you may have. I have always found it so, and in all that I have written, I do not recall an instance where I was tempted to use a foreign word, but that, on searching, I found a better one in my own language."

For the Juvenile Instructor.

Chemistry of Common Things.

FLUORINE.

THIS element exists in combination with other elements, for which it has very powerful affinities, so much so that it corrodes all vessels in its free state. It is generally obtained from "fluor spar," or Derbyshire spar, as this mineral is called, from the name of the county, in England, where it is found in great abundance. Fluorine, however, is widely diffused in nature, existing in some varieties of precious stones, such as the topaz, and in most of the rocks and soils of the earth. Some mineral springs contain it, as does sea water; ashes of plants and bones contain a small proportion, from which the first are supposed to obtain their toughness, and the latter their hardness. When we understand organic chemistry, it will be seen how simple are the natural contrivances, for such they appear to be, to obtain the largest amount of good for man in the most scientific and elegant manner, with the least quantity of material.

From "fluor spar" many ornaments are made, as it is easily turned in a lathe. The ancients used this mineral for similar purposes; vessels for oblations or offerings, vases, &c., were made of it. Many of the variegated ornaments now used for the mantel-piece, candlesticks, watch-stands, &c., are manufactured in great abundance at a cheap rate of this substance, which greatly resembles marble, except that it is more transparent.

This mineral, when finely powdered and placed in a silver or platinum retort, can be distilled, and the fluorine obtained in the following manner: some highly concentrated fluid, sulphuric acid, is added, and heat is applied, upon which the sulphur unites to the lime, forming sulphate of lime, the fluorine set free then instantly unites with the hydrogen of the water contained in the sulphuric acid, forming hydro-fluoric acid, one of the most corrosive fluids known.

Advantage, however, is taken of this quality; the hard substance, glass, is engraved on by its use, much in the same manner that etching is done on metal with aqua-fortis. It will be better to explain the process. First, the glass to be engraved on is covered with a very thin coating of bees' wax, by warming the glass over a slow fire and rubbing the wax evenly on the surface. When cold those parts of the thin film of wax are removed where the design is wanted. The hydro-fluoric acid may then be poured over, or merely the fumes of that fluid may be applied by placing the glass over a vessel containing it. The hydro-fluoric acid then dissolves out the silica of the glass, for which it has a very powerful affinity, forming hollow places wherever the surface has been exposed. In this way works of art of great beauty are engraved, or "embossed," as some call this truly etching process. By some this is called "writing on glass." In whatever way this is effected, it is by the corrosive action of fluorine on the siliceous silica contained in glass, which is derived from the sand, or flint used in making that substance.

There will be occasion again to allude to this element when silicon is under consideration.

BETH.

(To be Continued.)

THE ANSWER to the charade in No. 16 is BENJAMIN FRANKLIN; to that in No 17, GLOVER; and to that in No. 18, STARCH.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1869.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

NO principle pertaining to the Gospel is of greater importance than obedience; for without obedience no blessing can come upon the people. Men may talk all their lives about their faith; but, if they do not obey, they can not obtain the promised blessing. For instance, a man may say that he believes in Jesus, and that He is the Son of God; he may believe in baptism and the laying on of hands; but can he get his sins remitted or receive the Holy Ghost if he should not obey baptism or the laying on of hands? Every child can answer that he can not. You can all see, then, that the principle of obedience is of great importance.

What is the nature of the obedience that children should show to their parents? Can they stop and argue with them, and say, when they are told to do a certain thing: Father, or mother, would it not be better to do this in some other way? No well-behaved child will do this; but he will go promptly and do what is required of him. Children may not understand the thing their parents ask them to do; but still this should not prevent them from obeying. Parents ask their children to do many things which they probably fully understand; but which their children do not. A child who has good parents and has been properly trained, has faith that its parents will ask it to do nothing but what is right, and the spirit of obedience is so strong within it that it goes without hesitation and obeys their commands.

It is in this manner that God should be obeyed. To begin with we must have faith in Him. When we have a proper degree of faith, it is easy and joyful to obey every requirement of God, whether we understand it or not. God's ways cannot be fully understood by man, they are frequently beyond our comprehension; though if we try to do as He tells us, He gives us such pleasure and peace that we are convinced we are right. God commanded Abraham to make a sacrifice of his son Isaac. This was murder, and yet God's law commanded men not to kill. Suppose Abraham had stopped and said: "I can not understand this; you tell me to kill my son when I know that it is wrong to kill;" would Abraham have been justified? No; had he hesitated, he would have shown that he did not have confidence in God. But he knew that God had the right to command, and that it was his duty to obey, and leave all the consequences with the Lord.

When the Lord commanded Israel to surround the city of Jericho, He told Joshua to proceed in a singular manner. The ark of the covenant was to be carried around the city once every day for six days. Before the ark, seven priests were to march with seven trumpets of rams' horns, on which they were to blow, and before them all the armed men were to walk. The rest of the people were to walk behind the ark. Thus they marched around the city, the seven priests blowing on their rams' horns, once every day for six days. How funny a proceeding this must have been to the king of Jericho and his

mighty men of war inside of the walls. Is it not likely they laughed when they saw the people of Israel marching day after day in this manner? And how many of the people of Israel must have thought this a very ridiculous plan to capture a city! But they marched for the six days, and on the seventh, instead of going around once only, they went around seven times, the priests blowing with their trumpets as before. When they had all gone around seven times, the priests made a long blast with their rams' horns, and Joshua told the people to shout, and sure enough, the walls tumbled down, and Israel marched into the city. It was captured.

Suppose the camp of Israel had said to Joshua, when he told them how to proceed, "Oh, this course which you say we must take is out of all reason. Who ever heard of a city being taken in this manner?" would Jericho have been taken? No, it would not. But it required faith and obedience on their part to obey this command given unto them through Joshua. Some would probably have called it "blind obedience;" but yet it required just that kind of obedience, as in the case of Abraham, to accomplish the desired result.

Now, children, it is this kind of faith and obedience that is needed in these days. God has given us a prophet to lead us. We must obey him, if we would have the blessing of God to rest upon us. Never let doubts arise in your hearts about him or his teachings and counsels; for, if Satan can persuade you to doubt, he has gained a great victory over you, and he will lead you captive as he will.

HUGH LATIMER.

IN the midst of the passions and cruelty of Henry VIII., the illustrious prelate preached a sermon in his presence, at the Chapel Royal, condemning in the strongest terms the very crimes to which every one knew the monarch was peculiarly addicted. Enraged beyond measure at the rebuke thus publicly administered to his "pleasant vices," Henry sent for Latimer and threatened him with instant death if he did not on the next occasion retract all his censures as openly as he made them. The reproof got wind, and on the next Sunday, the Royal Chapel was crowded with the courtiers, eager to hear the terms in which the inflexible prelate was to recant his censures on the voluptuous tyrant. But Latimer ascended the pulpit, and after a long pause, fixing his eyes steadily on Henry, exclaimed in the quaint language of the time, to which its inherent dignity has communicated eloquence:

"Bethink thee, Hugh Latimer! thou art in the presence of thy worldly sovereign, who has power to terminate thy earthly life and cast all thy worldly goods into the flames. But bethink also, Hugh Latimer, that thou art in the presence of thy Heavenly Father, whose right hand is mighty to destroy as well as to save, and who can cast thy soul into hell-fire."

And immediately began in terms even severer and more cutting than before, to castigate the favorite vices and crimes of his indignant sovereign. The issue of the tale was different from what the cruel character of the tyrant might have led us to suspect. Henry, who with all his atrocity, was not on occasions destitute of generous sentiments, was penetrated by the heroic constancy of the venerable prelate; and, instead of loading him with chains and sending him, as every one expected, to the scaffold, only expressed his admiration of his courage and took him more into favor than ever.

A liar is a moral coward; he is afraid to meet the consequences of his acts.

It is an old yet true saying that falsehood will travel a league while truth is putting on its boots.

HUNTING BUFFALO.

THOSE of our young readers who have not seen a Buffalo, have doubtless heard of them so frequently that they are quite familiar with their appearance and habits. They have seen buffalo robes, and from them can form an idea of their color. Unlike our tame cattle, there is no difference in color among them; they are invariably of a dark brown, some parts of the body being nearly black. They are of a light color when young. Judging from the many buffalo heads which we found in the valleys when we first came, there was a time, not long previous, when they were numerous in this country. The Indians so say, we have been told, that they all perished some

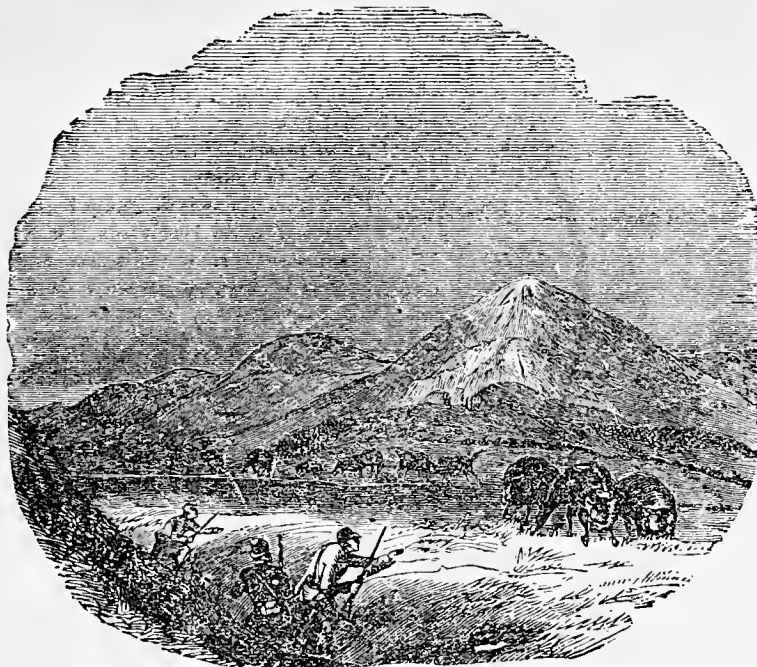
years previous to our coming here, in a very deep snow which fell in all these valleys. Like the Indians, they are gradually disappearing before the advance of the settlements of the white man.

In 1847, when we came to the valley, the valley of the Platte river as far as the eye could reach, was frequently covered with them, and we had to exercise unceasing vigilance to keep our cattle from stampeding and running off with them. It was an exciting sight to see a herd of them galloping past, making the earth tremble with their tread; and it made the horses and cattle feel very wild to hear their loud bellowing in the distance. The temptation to shoot them was very hard for many of the men to resist; but early in the journey, they were taught that it was a sin in the sight of God to waste flesh, that is, to kill a buffalo, or any other game, when its flesh was not needed or could not be used for food. These teachings had a restraining effect upon our people, and there was very little killing done merely for the sport of shooting. But this was not the case with other travelers. They shot them for sport, and especially cows, which the Indians are desirous of keeping alive, so that the stock of game may not diminish. Large numbers of buffalo have been killed by white men for the past twenty years, which have lain and rotted on the ground, or been eaten by wolves.

A few days ago, we were introduced to two noblemen from Europe. They were traveling through this country for pleasure, and had taken this city in their route. They were much delighted with all they saw here, and expressed great pleasure at the progress which had been made. In the course of conversation, they alluded to their travels. They had been hunting, one of them said, on the upper waters of the Arkansas river, and on being asked if they had met with plenty of game, he replied that they had; they had killed eighty-one buffalo in one day. When we heard this reply, the interest we had taken in them vanished. We looked upon them with peculiar feelings. What cruelty for men to destroy the lives of eighty-one animals for the mere pleasure of shooting them! Had they been hungry, they could have shot one, and it would have been more than

they could have eaten; but to waste animal life in the manner they did, and to leave the carcasses of the poor brutes to rot upon the ground, was sinful in the extreme. These men in the picture are so concealed that they can kill a number. They are probably on the leeward side of the buffalo, and they can not smell them. ~~Wild animals have a very acute sense of smell. If a man conceal himself on the side from which the wind blows, and attempt to approach them, they will take alarm and quickly run off.~~

We hope, if these men in the engraving are hungry, they will get enough to satisfy their wants, but no more. Those people who shoot buffalo and deer and rabbits and birds of various kinds for the sake of sport, and not because they are hun-



gry, would not like to be shot at and killed for fun by somebody more powerful than they. We expect they would raise a great outcry if a band of men were to go about shooting at them for sport. Yet is not one act as fair as the other? If men would not like a more powerful race to wantonly kill them, why should they so cruelly and unnecessarily kill an inferior race?

Buffalo have to be hit in the right place by a bullet to kill them. A buffalo bull will carry a number of balls without falling, if he does not happen to be hit in a vital spot. We have seen their heads, which

are covered with short thick, curled wool, shot at, and the bullet make no impression only to make the animal shake his head violently. They toss up the sand with their horns, and fill the wool which covers their foreheads so full of it that a bullet from a good rifle will frequently not penetrate the skull.

We recollect a buffalo hunt which we had on the Platte, that, in its results, nearly proved fatal to us. While the camp was resting for noon, we, together with some other boys, started off to try and get some buffalo meat. We were gone longer than we anticipated, and when we returned, the train was in motion. The wagon we drove was on the lead of the company, and as we overtook it, we took the percussion cap of the tube of the gun, climbed into the wagon and laid the rifle down on a bed that was in the back part of the wagon, with the muzzle towards the front where we were sitting. After some time had elapsed, we heard a cry from behind for us to get out our rifle. Looking around the corner of the wagon, we saw a fine, large deer coming up as fast as he could run; he was about seventy-five yards distant, and was running parallel with the wagons. We saw that, if we got a shot at him, we must lose no time, so jumping up on our knees and reaching back into the wagon, we succeeded in grasping the muzzle of our rifle, and jerked it hastily towards us. Knowing that it was not capped, we felt quite safe in drawing the gun towards us in this fashion; but the hammer caught in the bedding, and it was drawn back past the half-cock, it came down on the tube, and the gun went off! It jarred our hand so that the first impression was that we were shot through the hand; but it and our wrist were only

blackened with the powder. Then we examined our body, for we thought we must be shot somewhere, but we found no signs of the bullet. Strange to relate, though we had, apparently, drawn the muzzle of the gun directly in front of our body, we had not been hit; the bullet must have passed between the body and the arm. We felt that the Lord was preserving care. We learned a lesson on that occasion, which our readers may profit by, if they will,--never handle loaded fire-arms carelessly, even though they should not be capped. In fact, even if you know they are not loaded, you should take great care in using them. We supposed that gun was entirely safe; how much we were deceived we have told you. Doubtless, when we took off the cap, some of the explosive substance remained on the tube, and when the hammer struck it, an explosion followed. We were in no mood to load again with a view to kill that deer, even if we had had time, so he escaped. We were too thankful in thinking that we were alive, to have any idea of killing anything else the remainder of that day.

THE MINERS' SAFETY LAMP.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.

*From "TRIUMPHS OF INVENTION AND DISCOVERY."
Published by T. Nelson & Sons, London.*

"WHAT'S that? Is the house coming down?" cried Mr. Borlase, the surgeon-apothecary of Penzance, jumping out of his cozy arm-chair, as a tremendous explosion shook the house from top to bottom, making a great jingle among the gallipots in the shop below, and rousing him from a comfortable nap.

"Please, sir," said Betty the housemaid, putting her head into the room, "here's that boy Davy been a blowing of hisself up agen. Drat him, he's always up to some trick or other! He'll be the death of all of us some day, that boy will, as sure as my name's Betty."

"Bring him here directly," replied her master, knitting his brow, and screwing his mild countenance into an elaborate imitation of that of a judge he once saw at the assizes, with the black cap on, sentencing some poor wretch to be hanged. "Really, this sort of thing won't do at all."

Only, it must be owned, Mr. Borlase had said that many times before, and put on the terrible judicial look too, and yet "that boy Davy" was at his tricks again as much as ever.

"I'll bring as much as I can find of them, sir," said Betty, gathering up her apron, as if she fully expected to discover the object of her search in a fragmentary condition.

Presently there was shuffling in the passage, and a somewhat ungainly youth, about sixteen years of age, was thrust into the room, with the due complement of legs, arms, and other members, and only somewhat the grimmer about the face for the explosion. His fingers were all yellow with acids, and his clothes plentifully variegated with stains from the same compounds. At first sight, he looked rather a dull, loutish boy, but his sharp, clear eyes somewhat redeemed his expression on a second glance.

"Here he is, sir," cried Betty triumphantly, as though she really had found him in pieces, and took credit for having put him cleverly together again.

"Weil, Humphrey," said Mr. Borlase, "what have you been up to now? You'll never rest, I'm afraid, till you have the house on fire."

"Oh! if you please, sir, I was only experimenting in the garret, and there's no harm done."

"No harm done!" echoed Betty; "and if there isn't, it's no fault of yours, you nasty monkey. I declare that blow-up gave me such a turn you could ha' knocked me down with a feather, and there's a smell all over the house enough to pison any one."

"That'll do, Betty," said her master, finding the grim judicial countenance rather difficult to keep up, and anxious to pronounce sentence before it quite wore off. "I'll tell you what it is, young Davy, this sort of thing won't do at all. I must speak to Mr. Tonkine about you; and if I catch you at it again, you'll have to take yourself and your experiments somewhere else. So I warn you. You had much better attend to your work. It was only the other day you gave old Goody Jones a paperful of cayenne instead of cinnamon; and there's Joe Grimsly, the beadle, been here half a dozen times this day for those pills I told you to make up, and they're not ready yet. So just you take yourself off, mind your business, and don't let me have any more nonsense, or it'll be the worse for you."

And so the culprit gladly backed out of the room, not a whit abashed by the reprimand, for it was no novelty, to begin his experiments again and again, and one day, by way of compensation for keeping his master's household in constant terror of being blown up, to make his name familiar as a household word, by the invention of a little instrument that would save thousands and thousands from the fearful consequences of coal pit explosions.

The Mr. Tonkine that his master referred to was the self-constituted protector of the Davy family. Old Davy had been a carver in the town, and dying, left his widow in very distressed circumstances, when this generous friend came forward and took upon himself the charge of the widow and her children. Young Humphrey, on leaving school, had been placed with Mr. Borlase to be brought up as an apothecary; but he was much fonder of rambling about the country, or experimenting in the garret which he had constituted his laboratory, than compounding drugs behind his master's counter. As a boy he was not particularly smart, although he was distinguished for the facility with which he gleaned the substance of any book that happened to take his fancy, and for an early predilection for poetry. As he grew up, the ardent, inquisitive turn of his mind displayed itself more strongly. He was very fond of spending what leisure time he had in strolling along the rocky coast searching for sea-drift and minerals, or reading some favorite book:

"There along the beach he wandered, nourishing a youth sublime,
With the fairy-tales of science, and the long result of time."

In after-life he used often to tell how, when tired, he would sit down on the crags and exercise his fancy in anticipations of future renown, for already the ambition of distinguishing himself in his favorite science had seized him. "I have neither riches, nor power, nor birth," he wrote in his memorandum-book, "to recommend me; yet, if I live, I trust I shall not be of less service to mankind and my friends than if I had been born with all these advantages." He read a great deal, and though without much method, managed, in a wonderfully short time, to master the rudiments of natural philosophy and chemistry, to say nothing of considerable acquaintance with botany, anatomy, and geometry; so that, though the pestle and mortar might have a quieter time of it than suited his master's notions, Humphrey was busy enough in other ways.

In his walking along the beach, the nature of the air contained in the bladders of sea-weed was a constant subject of speculation with him; and he used to sigh over the limited laboratory

at his command, which prevented him from thoroughly investigating the matter. But one day, as good luck would have it, the waves threw up a case of surgical instruments from some wrecked vessel, somewhat rusty and sand-clogged, but in Davy's ingenious hands, capable of being turned to good account. Out of an old syringe, which was contained in the case, he managed to construct a very tolerable air pump, and the other instruments were also put to uses very different from what they were originally intended for, just as his master's vials and gallipots served him as crucibles and Alambics. At first sight, the want of proper instruments for carrying on his researches might appear rather a hindrance to his progress in the paths of scientific discovery; but, in truth, his subsequent success as an experimentalist has been very properly attributed, in no small degree, to that necessity which is the parent of invention, and which forced him to exercise his skill and ingenuity in making the most of the scanty materials at his command. "Had he," says one of his biographers, "in the commencement of his career been furnished with all these appliances which he enjoyed at a later period, it is more than probable that he might never have acquired that wonderful tact of manipulation, that ability of suggesting expedients, and of contriving apparatus, so as to meet and surmount the difficulties which must constantly arise during the progress of the philosopher through the unbeaten track and unexplored regions of science!"

While Davy was thus busily engaged qualifying himself for the distinguished career that awaited him, Gregory Watt, the son of the celebrated James Watt, being in delicate health, came to Penzance for change of air, and lodged with Mrs. Davy. At first he and Humprey did not get on very well together, for the latter had just been reading some metaphysical works, and was very fond of indulging in erude and flippant speculations on such subjects, which rather displeased the shy invalid. But one day, some chance remark of Davy's gave token of his extensive knowledge of natural history and chemistry, and thenceforth a close intimacy sprang up between them, greatly to the lad's advantage, for Watt's scientific knowledge set him in a more systematic groove of study, and encouraged him to concentrate his energies on his favorite pursuit.

Another useful friend Davy also found in Mr. Gilbert, afterwards President of the Royal Society. Passing along one day, Mr. Gilbert observed a youth making strange contortions of face as he hung over the hutch gate of Borlase's house; and being told by a companion that he was "the son of Davy, the carver," and very fond of making chemical experiments, he had a talk with the lad, and discovering his talents, was ever after his staunch friend and patron.

(To be Continued)

Place a young girl under the care of a kind-hearted graceful woman, and she, unconsciously to herself, grows into a graceful lady. Place a boy in the establishment of a thorough-going, straight forward business man, and the boy becomes a self-reliant, practical business man. Children are susceptible creatures, and circumstances, scenes and actions always impress them. As you influence them, not by stern example alone, but in a thousand other ways that speak through bright scenes, soft utterances and pretty pictures, so they grow. Teach your children then to love the beautiful. Give them a corner in the garden for flowers, encouraging them to put in shape the hanging baskets, allow them to have their favorite trees, lead them to wander in the prettiest woodlets, show them where they can best view the sunset, rouse them in the morning, not with stern "time to work," but the enthusiastic "see the beautiful sunrise;" buy for them pretty pictures, and encourage them to decorate their rooms, each in his or her childish way. Allow them the privilege and they will make your home beautiful.

Biography.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.

DURING the days of which we write, it seemed as though the evil one and his hosts were making every effort to bring trouble upon Joseph. Apostates were combined together and appeared determined to destroy him. On one occasion in April, 1844, the city Marshal arrested one of this class for assaulting his brother in the latter's own house. This brought out his companions, three of whom came down to Joseph's office. Their names were Chauncey L. Higbee, Robert D. Foster and Charles Foster. The two first were bitter apostates, the latter was a brother of Robert D. Foster, and though he had never been in the Church he drank into the spirit of murder and violence which they possessed and was one with them. Joseph was standing on the steps of his office, and Charles Foster drew a pistol and pointed it towards him, and threatened to shoot him. The police were directed to arrest him, and, while trying to do so, his brother and Higbee interfered, resisted the officers, and they were arrested also. They swore dreadful oaths, and Higbee and Charles Foster said they would shoot Joseph. They uttered many threats, and said they would consider themselves the favored of God for the privilege of shooting or ridding the world of such a tyrant as Joseph was.

Thus they breathed the spirit of apostasy, which from the days of Cain, has been the spirit of murder and bloodshed. Satan is an apostate, and he is a "liar and murderer from the beginning," and all who yield themselves to his spirit, and become apostates, partake of the disposition to tell lies and to murder. This has been the case in every age when God has had a people upon the earth, and it will be so as long as Satan has any power over the hearts of the children of men. It was under the influence of this spirit that Judas, who had been chosen as one of the twelve apostles of Jesus, in Palestine, betrayed his Lord to His enemies. He told lies about, and bore false witness against his best friend, and helped to carry out the plan to murder him. And in this dispensation the same spirit has been manifested. These men of whom we write, and many others, told the most abominable lies about Joseph, bore false witness against him and were ready to enter into any scheme, or to join hands with any one to destroy him; and yet they had been his brethren and friends at one time, just as Judas was, apparently, the friend and brother of Jesus! The more men know of God and His gospel, the better opportunities they have of becoming acquainted with His servants, the greater is their condemnation if they turn away from the truth, and the more bitter and deadly is their hatred, as a general thing, against the servants and people of God, but especially against him who holds the keys and presides over the church.

William Law had been Joseph's counselor, had sat with him in council and been on terms of intimate friendship with him; but he had transgressed, had lost the spirit of God, and now he was the foremost of Joseph's enemies. They rallied around him, and he became the centre of all the apostate and

disaffected spirits in that region. Satan tried no harder to carry out and make successful his rebellion in heaven, than did William Law and his wicked companions to break down the work of God and destroy Joseph. On Sunday, April 28th, he and the other apostates and their dupes held a meeting at his brother, Wilson Law's house. Several affidavits which they had taken against Joseph and others were read, and a number of them were appointed as a committee to visit the different families in the city, to see who would join the new church. For they had organized a new church, having decided, as many apostates had done before them, that "the doctrine is right, but Joseph is a fallen prophet." William Law was appointed by them to fill the place of Joseph, and he chose two counselors; and Chauncey L. Higbee and Robert D. Foster, the two men who conducted themselves so disgracefully on the occasions mentioned above, were selected to be two of the twelve.

About the 10th of May a prospectus of a paper called the Nauvoo *Expositor* was issued and distributed among the people by these apostates. The prospectus stated the intentions of the publishers to be among other things:

"To advocate the unconditional repeal of the city charter of Nauvoo, to restrain and correct the abuses of the UNIT POWER, to ward off the rod which is held over the devoted heads of the citizens of Nauvoo and the surrounding country, to advocate unmitigated DISOBEDIENCE TO POLITICAL REVELATIONS," &c.

To read this prospectus a stranger, ignorant of the true condition of affairs in Nauvoo, would imagine that these publishers were great heroes to attempt, in the midst of such a condition of affairs as they represented as existing in that city, to battle with such giant wrongs. In speaking further about what they intended to do in Nauvoo the prospectus said:

"To advocate and exercise the freedom of speech in Nauvoo, independent of the ordinances abridging the same,—to give toleration to every man's religious sentiments, and sustain ALL in worshipping their God according to the notions of their consciences, as guaranteed by the Constitution of our country, and to oppose with uncompromising hostility any UNION OF CHURCH AND STATE, or any preliminary step tending to the same," &c.

This, with much more of the same sort, was the prospectus issued for this paper. Its signers were no other than the two Laws, the two Higbees and the two Fosters, every one of them vile, adulterous, base men, who had been guilty of the most outrageous wickedness, as was proved by abundance of evidence. Yet, to read their high-sounding pretensions, one might imagine they were very pure and holy, and that their righteous souls were being shocked by the acts of Joseph and the Saints. But the truth was, they could not bear the law of God; it was too stringent for them. The freedom of speech which they wished to exercise was to have license to attack and destroy the work of God, and shed the blood of his anointed ones. The ordinances which they wished to repeal were those which would not permit them to practise wickedness. This was the freedom they sought to obtain, and to gain it they were eager to strip the Saints of their city charter and to deprive them of all power to check corruption by legal enactments.

The *Expositor* made its appearance on June 7th, and was filled with the foulest abuse of Joseph and the Saints. It denounced Joseph for teaching the doctrine of plurality of wives, and also for the revelation which he had received on the subject of Celestial Marriage, and its writers were fully intent on raising persecution and mobs against him and the saints, and, if possible, to destroy him. Almost every line breathed a murderous spirit, and it was very clear that, if such a sheet were suffered to remain in existence, mobs would be raised, and the acts of violence and bloodshed which had been endured in Missouri would be repeated, and the Saints be driven from

their homes. Anything that disturbs the peace of a community, is properly called a nuisance. This sheet was, to all intents and purposes, a nuisance. Its object was to destroy the peace and happiness of the people, and to withdraw from the city all its chartered rights and privileges.

On the 10th of June the City Council took this paper into consideration, and, after a lengthy investigation, the Council declared it a nuisance, and passed a resolution to that effect. By this resolution the Mayor was instructed to cause the printing establishment and papers to be removed without delay in such manner as he should direct. He accordingly issued his orders to the City Marshal, who proceeded to the *Expositor* Office and removed the press, type, printing paper and fixtures into the street, and destroyed them. This proceeding on the part of the City Council caused considerable excitement among the apostates. It spoiled their game, and they were very angry and threatened vengeance.

HAVE COURAGE TO SAY NO.

You're starting to-day on life's journey,
Alo e on the highway of life;
You'll meet with a thousand temptations;
Each city with evil is rife.
This world is a stage of excitement,
There's danger wherever you go;
But if you are tempted in weakness,
Have courage, my boy, to say No.

The syren's sweet song may allure you;
Beware of her cunning and art;
Whenever you see her approach,
Be guarded and haste to depart.
The billiard saloons are inviting,
Decked out in their tinsel and show;
You may be invited to enter,
Have courage, my boy, to say No.

The bright ruby wine may be offered—
No matter how tempting it be,
From poison that stings like an adder,
My boy, have courage to flee.
The gambling halls are below you,
Their lights how they dance to and fro;
If you should be tempted to enter,
Think twice, even thrice, ere you go.

In courage alone lies your safety,
When you the long journey begin;
And trust in a Heavenly Father,
Who will keep you unspotted from sin.
Temptations will go on increasing,
As streams from a rivolet flow,
But if you are true to your manhood,
Have courage, my boy, to say No.

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Is published in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory
EVERY OTHER SATURDAY.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

Single Copy, per Annum.....\$3 00

Single Copy, for Six Months 1 50

It is expected where agents forward names they will be responsible for the papers thus ordered; and when Cash payments are made, they will please forward them with the letter containing the names of the subscribers.

Gain brought to this City for the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will be received at the office of our paper—DESERT NEWS BUILDINGS.